Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile bee damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes,*

Poy. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall*. What ſayes *Monſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prince. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbs: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou dam
the Diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had beene dam

Poy. But my lads, my lads,
clocke early at *Gads Hill*, there a
ry with rich offerings, and Tra
purſes. I haue vizards for you
ſelues: *Gads-Hill* lies to night i
per to morrow night in *Eaſtcha*
ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtu
if you will not, tarry at home an

Falſ. Heare yee, Yedward, i
hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. *Hall*, wilt thou make

Prince. Who, I rob? I a th

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſty, t
in thee, nor thou camſt not of t
not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well, then once in

Falſ. Why, thats well ſaid.

Prince. Well, come what w

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a trai

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue
lay him downe ſuch reaſons for

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the
eares of profiting, that what th
he heares may be beleeued, that t
ſake) proue a falſe theef; for the
countenance: farewell, you ſhal

Pri. Farewel the latter ſpring.

Poy. Now my good ſweet h
row. I haue a leaſt to execute
Falſtaffe, *Harney Roſſill*, and *Gad*
we haue already way-laid; your
and when they haue the booty,
ent this head from my ſhoulders.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7)